and motor-car is equally at enmity with the real spirit of Polynesia. Lighthearted and naivete exists, but it has been wrested away from its natural setting and from spontaneity. Nothing has been allowed to remain what it once was—innocent.

There is the trail of the serpent in every forest glade, and several churches in each district.

But thus pictures of “native life" are entirely misleading. Of those in this article, for example, one is a photograph of a real Polynesian type such as one might be ten years in the island and never see, and the other is the best I could get of the present stock; but Mr. Crake had hard work to persuade both to dress for the occasion as they would have appeared fifty or more years ago. If you met either on the quay, they would be dressed in Parisian frocks, hats, shoes, and silk stockings.

The *'parens* in the picture are forbidden by law in

Papeete. The figures in dance costumes were taken at the annual July 14 French National Fete when bands of dancers from the district, in native dresses *over* trousers and skirts and blouses, dance *hula-hulas* from which the essential verve has been abstracted in the interests of" morality." Mr, Crake